

# WAYS AND MEANS,

O. R.

1607/68

## A TRIP TO DOVER,

COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS,

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

HAY-MARKET.

WRITTEN BY

GEORGE COLMAN, Junior.

[First acted July 10, 1788.]

---

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR MESSRS. H. CHAMBERLAIN,  
D. WILLIAMS, W. GILBERT, L. WHITE,  
P. BYRNE, P. WOGAN, W. M'KENZIE,  
J. MOORE, J. JONES, AND B. DORNIN.

M, DCC, LXXXVIII.

778





# P R E F A C E.

**I**F the Reader of the following Comedy is a reader of Newspapers in general, he will, probably, sit down to peruse it with some prejudice in its disfavour. To do away this prejudice, it is recommended to begin where he would naturally finish; and read the *Epilogue* first. The grovelling *Daer* of daily Papers has, there, been disturbed in his occupation: and who that disturbs a Scavenger, while he is driving his dirty vehicle through the town, is expected to escape without being plentifully bespattered?

That the present Piece has experienced this kind of nasty revenge, is obvious: and, in most of the public prints, it has been

“Winnow’d with so rough a wind,  
“That even its Corn has seem’d as light as Chaff,  
“And good from bad found no partition!”

The soreness which the venal spinners of malicious paragraph have evinced, on this occasion, is an acknowledgment that they feel themselves closely described in the *Epilogue*. It is a cap, which, with some very few exceptions, (as fitly as “your barber’s chair fits all”—very opposite extremities,) fits all their *heads*. The thick head, the soft head, the block-head, or any head.

The few heads it does *not* fit—the impartial heads of Newspaper criticism—scarcely, perhaps, exceeding the heads of Cerberus in number—cannot be wounded by the exposure of their community. They may laugh, indeed, like Falstaff, at the appearance of his ragged regiment, and cry—“ If I am not ashamed of my *brethren*, I am a souc’d gurnet ! A hundred and fifty tatter’d prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping ; from eating draffs and husks ! ” but they may, also, say, “ for their *malice*, I know not where they had that, and for their *prostitution*—I am sure they never learnt that of *Me*.”

Men of candour and shrewd remark, publicly chronicled for unbiass’d opinion.—The Bees of Criticism, who are pleas’d in selecting the sweets of an Author, when he has any, and seldom sting till they are provoked ; it would be wanton, and absurd to attack : but the *Grubs*—the canker-worms—insects generated from corruption, and detrimental to the fair fruits of industry—every labourer in the Dramatic vineyard is doing good, when he treads on them. Pity it is the *Grubs* are so very numerous ! Pity, that the Canker-worms can prey upon more than the produce of scenic fiction ! and that many respectable and flourishing branches of this kingdom are suffer’d to be blighted by their pestilential pollution !

The Calumny heap’d on individuals, in daily prints, generally convey’d with art sufficient to elude the letter of the Law, is notorious, and  
calls



calls aloud for reform. The liberty of the Press is profaned by the licentiousness of the Newspapers. It becomes a sanctuary for the worst of all assassins—the assassins of private character—the manglers of reputation, and the dark murderers of the peace of families!

The trader in assassination is seldom without a double calling: The Bravo finds frequent practice in the capacity of Pander. In Newspapers, the qualifications for either are inseparable; and the ruffian who stabs with slander and defamation, is seen grossly serving the purposes of employers, who will pay the price of his venality.—The abject tool of those who lust for fame, and condescend to hire a despicable animal to procure it!

It has been asserted, in the silly triumph of vapid Criticism, after considering *Ways and Means* as inferior to the Author's more early production, *Inkle and Yarico*, that little can be expected from the future efforts of a pen, which already manifests imbecillity, and promises annual declension. Direct praise never gratifies so effectually as unintentional commendation: and when the Author declares *Inkle and Yarico*, though *previously* acted, to have been *subsequently* written, he cannot help smiling, more perhaps, with contempt than pleasure, at the undesigned compliment which pronounces his progressive improvement.

This

This Comedy, however, has completely answered his expectations ; which were too limited to expose him to much disappointment. Not attempting to fix serious attention by his story, he fees it, with indifference, receive as little as he has bestow'd upon it. Laugh and whim were his objects ; and the mirth and good humour of his audience, whatever malice or misrepresentation may affirm to the contrary, have convinced him that his design is accomplish'd.



# PROLOGUE,

*Written by the Hon. FRANCIS NORTH.*

ARE all the Members here? I miss some faces—  
My Honourable Friends! pray keep your places.  
To-night, with head and heart at your devotion,  
A scheming Bard brings forward a new Motion:  
Opens his Budget, in the following Scenes,  
And to your Candour trusts his *Ways and Means*.

Some testy Critic, with contemptuous sneer,  
Exclaims—"a Poet, and a Financier!  
In paths untrodden, rashly, dare advance,  
And blend *Poetic* Numbers, with Finance!"  
At first, the Censure may not seem untrue;  
For what has Fiction with Finance to do?  
Yet, since all Fashions have been learnt from France,  
There's nothing now *but* fiction in Finance.  
Be it my task, with triumph, to explain  
The vast resources of the Poet's brain.  
No earthly house has he, that needs repair,  
He builds ideal castles—in the air!  
Parnassus yields his Muse a soft retreat,  
While rich Pactolus flows beneath his feet,  
Yet in these days of Commerce, and plain Sense,  
When Poetry is valued less than Pence,  
Some hard, *Prosaic* Butcher, may refuse,  
A Leg of Mutton to a hungry Muse:  
Unfeeling Tapsters, cold to Fancy's beams,  
Won't barter Porter, for Pactolian streams:  
Not Homer's Verse, nor Orpheus' sounding Lyre,  
Could buy one Peck of Coals, to feed their fire.  
From others Woes, our Bard Experience gleans,  
And turns his active Muse to "*Ways and Means*,"  
Do you grant largely the Supplies; nor fear  
A Tax too heavy for another year.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir David Dunder,	-	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Random,	-	Mr. PALMER.
Scruple,	-	Mr. WILLIAMSON.
Old Random,	-	Mr. AICKIN.
Carney,	-	Mr. BARRET.
Tiptoe,	-	Mr. R. PALMER.
Paul Peery,	-	Mr. USHER.
Roundfee,	-	Mr. BANNISTER.
Quirk,	-	Mr. MOSS.

4 Men,	} Packet and Coach, Passengers.	{ Mr. PHILIMORE, Mr. BURTON, &c. Miss FRANCIS, Mrs. GAWDRY, &c.
4 Women,		

French Water,	-	Mr. BESFORD.
English Waiter,	-	Mr. LYONS.
Bailiff,	-	Mr. PAINTER.
Servants, &c.		

Lady Dunder,	-	Mrs WEBB.
Harriet,	-	Mrs. KEMBLE.
Kitty,	-	Mrs. PRIDEAUX.
Mrs. Peery,	-	Mrs. LOVE.

SCENE, — *Partly at Dover, and partly at Sir David Dunder's, near Dover.*

*The Lines marked with inverted Commas are omitted in the Representation.*



---

---

# WAYS AND MEANS, &c.

---

## A C T I.

SCENE, *An Anti Room in an Inn.*  
[*Bar Bell ringing violently.*]

Paul Peery *discovered, in a Chair, asleep.*

*Enter Mrs. Peery.*

*Mrs. Peery* **W**HY Paul! why Husband!

*Peery.* Eh! What! (*waking.*)

*Mrs. Peery.* For shame! for shame, Mr. Peery! The bar-bell has been ringing this half hour; and here you sleep like the rusty clapper of it; and scarce stir when you are pull'd—and when you *are*, you only waddle about a little bit, and then stand still till you are pull'd again.

*Peery.* Prithee, Wife, be quiet—You know I was always famous for giving satisfaction.

*Mrs. Peery.* Were you! I wish I cou'd find it out.

*Peery.* But what's the matter?

*Mrs. Peery.* Packets are the matter—Dilligences are the matter. Sea and land-Cargoes, and carriages. Four sea-sick gentlemen, from Calais; and four ladies, just stept out of the Mail Coach,

10      W A Y S   A N D   M E A N S :

Coach, from Canterbury.—The men, I believe, are making enquiries for the machine to London.

*Peery.* Are they? Then shew 'em all into one room. I pity the poor gentlemen. Nothing is so dreadful as sea sickness—so 'put 'em' all together—and then they'll only be sick of one another, you know. (*Bell rings.*)

*Enter Waiter.*

*Waiter.* Two gentlemen in a post-chaise, with a servant, from London, Sir. [*Exit Waiter.*]

*Mrs. Peery.* Run, Mr. Peery!

*Peery.* Aye, aye—You take care of the stage-coaches, and let me alone for the post-chaise gentry—Here, Lewis, John, William! Shew a room, here, to the gentlemen, there!

[*Exit bawling.*]

*Enter Waiter, shewing in one French and three English Passengers, from the Packet.*

*Wait.* Walk in, Gentlemen!

*Mrs. Peery.* Walk in, gentlemen, if you please, Welcome to England! welcome to Dover, gentlemen!

*1st Pass.* So—just six o'clock in the morning—becalm'd at sea—not a wink all night—the devil take this packet, say I. I'm rumbled, and tumbled, and jumbled.—

*Mrs. Peery.* I'm extremely sorry for it, Sir!—but—

*French P.* Now, begar, it do me goot.

*Mrs. Peery.* I'm vastly happy to hear it—do you chuse any refreshment, Sir?

*F. Pass.* Vous avez raison—I never vas so refresh in all my life.

*Mrs. Peery.*





*Mrs. Peery.* I am very glad indeed, Sir?

*2d Pass.* I'm damn'd sick.

*Mrs. Peery.* I'm very sorry, I assure you, Sir!

*F. Pass.* Ma foi, Madame have beaucoup de Politesse!

*2d. Pass.* Get me a glass of brandy—ti tol, lol—I feel confounded qualmish, but tol, lol, lol, la—I don't like to own a sea sickness—and—  
“Britons ever rule the waves.” (*singing, and smothering his uneasiness.*)

*F. Pass.* Briton rule de vave! I tink de vave rule you, ma foi, ha! ha!

*2d Pass.* Right, Mounseer! in the present case, I grant you. Packet sailing—mere plain water agrees best with your folks: but when there is occasion to mix a little of our British spirit with it, why it's always too much for a French stomach. Now that's the time when an Englishman never feels qualmish at all.

*Enter Waiter, shewing in four Women.*

*Mrs. Peery.* Servant, ladies.

*1st Woman.* Lard! this Mail coach is the worst conveyance in the world. It squeezes four people together like two double letters.

*Mrs. Peery.* Disagreeable to be sure, Ma'am!

*1st Man.* And that infernal packet!

*Mrs. Peery.* Nothing can be half so bad, Sir!

*2d Man.* But then the cabin—

*Mrs. Peery.* Except the cabin, your honour!

*2d Woman.* And riding backward in a coach—  
—ough!

*Mrs. Peery.* I can't conceive any thing so shocking, Ma'am!

*F. Pass.* Voila la politesse encore!

*Mrs. Peery.* Beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen—

men.—But our house is so full at present, we have but one room to spare ; the cloth is laid in it for breakfast, and it will be ready directly—hope you will excuse the—

*1st Man.* Oh ! certainly, Hostess : travellers, you know—if you'll give me leave, Ma'am.

*1st Woman.* Sir, you are very obliging.

*(The men band the Women)*

*Mrs. Peery.* Here, William, wait on the company.

*F. Pass.* Ah ! c'est drole ! pair and pair ! two by two ! *[Exeunt Men, banding out the Women.]*

*Mrs. Peery.* Shew 'em into Noah's Ark, William, dye hear ? *(Bell rings)* coming ! Here, John ! Lewis ! coming ! *[Exit.]*

### SCENE, A Room in the Inn.

*Enter Peery, shewing in Random and Scruple.*

*Peery.* This way, your honours ; this way ! one step at the door, if you please.

*Rand.* Step on, Sir, if you please—pay the post-boy, and send in the servant *(Peery going)* and, harkee, landlord ! what's the name of your house ?

*Peery.* The Ship, your honour. The oldest, and best establish'd house in the town, Sir.

*Rand.* Very well ; then give us a better room, and get us some breakfast.

*Peery.* It shall be done, Sir. I suppose, gentlemen, you mean to cross to Calais ?

*Scruple.* Pshaw !

*Peery.* You intend to take water, gentlemen ?

*Rand.* No, Sir, but we intend to take your wine. We may stay here some days, perhaps.

*Peery.*

*Peery.* Thank your honours! every thing shall be had to your satisfaction; and as far as a cellar and larder can go. I think I—vastly oblig'd to your honours! Here, Lewis, William, breakfast for two in the Lion, there. [Exit.

*Rand.* Well said, my thorough, clumsy, talkative innkeeper!—and now, my dear Scruple, after our night's journey, welcome to Dover. Here we are, you see—not with the old, stale intention of taking a voyage to the continent; but a voyage to the island of Love.

*Scruple.* But suppose we should find neither wind nor tide in our favour?

*Ran.* Why then we shall be love bound here a little, that's all. But, hang it, why anticipate evils? If we are to be unlucky, the less we think of it the better—confound all thinking, say I.

*Scrup.* Confound thinking, Mr. Random! I'm sure it's high time to think—and that very seriously.

*Ran.* Hey-day! Moralizing! “Confound thinking, Mr. Random!”—Yes, Sir, confound thinking:—I'm sure thinking would confound us; and most confoundedly too, Mr. Scruple, at present.

*Scruple.* Yet one can't help having one's doubts.

*Ran.* Poh! prithee don't doubt at all—doubting is mean and mechanical; and never enter'd the head or heart of a gentleman. Why, now, if you observe from our own daily experience, the people that doubted most were either our—taylor, or tavern-keepers, or shoe-makers; or some such pitiful puppies—Zounds, man, don't be faint-hearted now! we shall never win our fair ladies, at this rate—besides, haven't we all the reasonable hopes in the world?

B

*Scrup.*

*Scrup.* Why we are sure of *their* good wishes, I believe.

*Rand.* Certainly—and as to any trifling obstacles, such as father and mother, or so—chance must direct us.

*Scrup.* But may not those trifling obstacles you mention—

*Rand.* Pshaw! doubting again! why you are more of a Mandarin, on a chimney piece, than a man—there's no touching you but your head begins shaking. Consider, we attack'd 'em at Bath, where they were three weeks ago, on a visit to a female friend, without impertinent relations about 'em to give 'em advice—and made, I think, no inconsiderable progress.

*Scrup.* Granted; But they were then suddenly call'd home to their father's, the baronet's, near Dover, here; who hinted, in his letter, at no very distant match for both of 'em.

*Rand.* O never fear: if the girls are averse to it; and they, at our parting, like simple damsels in romance, bewail'd their cruel fate, while we, like true knights errant, promis'd to rescue them from confinement. But you had more opportunities with your flame than I: why did not you marry her at once?

*Scrup.* Because I lov'd her

*Rand.* Well, that's some reason too—you would have made a damn'd unfashionable figure, I confess.

*Scrup.* You mistake me, I had too much honour to impose on my Harriet's amiable simplicity; and have the utmost detestation for marrying merely to make a fortune. In these interested cases, if we keep up appearances, after marriage, the wife becomes a clog and incumbrance; if we throw off the mask, we are making a worthy woman, perhaps, miserable, who  
has



has afforded the only means of making her husband easy.

*Rand.* Mighty romantick, truly! and charming policy for a fellow without a guinea!

*Scrup.* My policy was chosen from the Proverb, Random; I thought honesty the best. I confessed to her my embarrass'd circumstances.

*Rand.* Charming!

*Scrup.* Told her I had nothing to boast of but my family; whom my imprudence had dis-obliged.

*Rand.* Excellent!

*Scrup.* And thus, by candidly acknowledging myself unworthy her affections, I, undesignedly, insur'd them.

*Rand.* Pugh! this may do well enough for the grave, sentimental, elder sister: but Kitty's the girl for my taste—young, wild, frank, and ready to run into my arms, without the trouble of dying or fighting. Her mind full of fun, her eyes full of fire, her head full of novels, her heart full of love—aye, and her pocket full of money, my boy!

*Scrup.* Well, we must now find means to introduce ourselves to the family; I dread encountering the old folks too—people in the country here, are apt to be suspicious; they ask queer questions sometimes.

*Rand.* Oh! the mere effect of their situation, where they get more health than polish.

*Scrup.* And yet old country families—

*Rand.* Are like old country bacon—damn'd fat and very rusty, Scruple! But come, let's to breakfast, and settle our plan over a cup of coffee. But where the devil's our scoundrel? we only hir'd him over night, and have scarce set eyes on him since.

*Scrup.* What, our joint lacquey? that we engag'd for the expedition, to avoid enquiries—to

wait on us both—dress us both—and fly on both our errands, like a shuttle-cock between two battledores?

*Rand.* Yes, or like another Atlas, with all our world upon his shoulders. Only look at him, Scruple!

*Enter Tiptoe, with a small portmanteau.*

*Tiptoe.* Gentlemen, shall I put down the luggage?

*Scrup.* Aye on this table.

*Tip.* (*putting it down*) Whew! It's enough to make a man faint to look at it.

*Rand.* Why, you scoundrel, it's all you have to bring in; and we have contrived, on purpose to make it easy, to put both our cloaths in one portmanteau.

*Tip.* That's the very reason I complain, Sir. You don't know how fatiguing it is to carry double.

*Ran.* A shrewd fellow this! He may be of use to us. And now we have time to enquire, pray, Sir, what may your name be?

*Tip.* Tiptoe—Tiptoe, Gentlemen, at your service. I have seen better days, no offence to your honours—honest Tiptoe once stood a little above the word; but now—all the world stands upon Tiptoe.

*Scrup.* And pray, Sir, what were you formerly?

*Tip.* A decent young man, Sir—that cou'd dress wigs, write a running-hand, and preferr'd a sober, steady family. I shav'd my old master, bottled off his wine, copied his papers, and kept the key of his cabinet and cellar—In short, Sir, I was his prime minister.

*Scrup.* How came you to leave him, Sir?

*Tip.*

*Tip.* Ruin'd by party, Sir.—Some of his papers were missing, and as I kept the key—  
I—

*Ran.* Began to be suspected—eh! honest Tiptoe?

*Tip.* Why, I can't tell how it was, Sir; but the Cabinet was against me—the whole house oppos'd me—and poor Tiptoe, like other great men—

*Rand.* Was turned out, I take it?

*Tip.* Oh fie! no, Sir: I resign'd. I then fairly advertised my abilities—"Wants a place"—can turn his hand to every thing—you gentlemen bid most for me—here I am, and I hope you'll have no cause to complain of my qualifications."

*Scrup.* He'll make no bad ambassador for us, at least, Random, and now to breakfast, and our plan of operations. If they fail—farewel, dear, dear little England! and yet I am wedded to thee—

*Rand.* Like modern husbands to their wives, Scruple: it's almost impossible to be seen in one another's company any longer.

[*Exeunt Random and Scruple.*

*Tip.* Very fine company I seem to have got into—hir'd in one instant, by two men, I had not heard of three moments: set out on a journey at four in the morning, and it had scarce struck five, when I began to suspect they were all fixes and sevens.

*Enter a French Waiter.*

Well, friend!

*F. Waiter.* Serviteur, Monsieur!

*Tip.* Friend! oh Lord! no!—It's the enemy. French waiters creep into shabby Dover inns,  
B 5 like

like French footmen into large London families. French footmen! more shame for their employers! who starve their own poor countrymen, to feed a set of skinny scoundrels, whose looks give the lie to their living; and prove their master's head in much nicer order than his heart—What, you come to carry up the Portmanteau, I suppose?

*F. Waiter.* Oui—de portmanteau—dat belong to—

*Tip.* Well take it (*puts it on his shoulder*) and take care of it too, Monsieur, d'ye mind!—none of your old tricks of running away.

*F. Wait.* Never you fear—laissez moi faire. "O! de roast beef of Old England" (*Exit singing.*)

*Tip.* There go all the wordly goods of my two poor masters! and here comes our inquisitive puppy of a landlord. Deuce take the fellow! he asked me more questions at the bar of the inn, than if I had been brought to the bar of the Old Bailey.

*Enter Peery.*

*Peery.* Ah! my honest friend—sweet, honest Mr. Tiptoe, your servant!

*Tip.* (*Aside*) How did he pick up my name, now?

*Peery.* I hope the two worthy gentlemen, I have shewn above stairs, have every thing to their satisfaction? Tho' I say it, that should not say it, Paul Peery of the Ship, was ever famous for giving satisfaction. Which of the two do you serve, my friend?

*Tip.* Umph! Serve!—why—a—

*Peery.* His honour in grey? or—

*Tip.* Aye.

*Peery.* Or the worthy gentleman in green?

*Tip.*



*Tip.* Yes.

*Peery.* Umph! Two sweet gentlemen, indeed; and happy is one of 'em in a servant. You seem to give double the attendance of an ordinary footman.

*Tip.* Why, tho' I say it, that shou'dn't say it—Tim Tiptoe was ever famous for giving satisfaction. (*mimicking Peery.*)

*Peery.* A close fellow! Well, I wish 'em success with all my heart, Mr. Tiptoe. You have lived with 'em a long while, I imagine?

*Tip.* Why, I have liv'd with 'em long enough, for that matter, Mr. Peery.

*Peery.* They are of property no doubt?

*Tip.* Of such property, Master Peery,—it's impossible to describe it!

*Peery.* Indeed! And where may their property lie at this time?

*Tip.* I believe all their property lies on the sea coast, at this time.

*Peery.* Oh, ho! the sea coast! What, in ships, I imagine?

*Tip.* Yes. It's all in the ship.

*Peery.* So, so! Merchants! Rich Rogues, I'll lay my life. (*Aside.*) Ah! warm, warm! Good men, Mr. Tiptoe! trusted by every body, I warrant.

*Tip.* Trusted for a great while too, I promise you.

*Peery.* I hope they find every thing to their liking.—Must be civil, here. (*Aside.*) I hope the room suits their honours? I shou'd be sorry to give any offence. I have given 'em a room I give to the best of company.

*Tip.* Oh excellent!—Make no apologies.—Your room is as good as your company, Master Peery.

*Peery.*

*Peery.* Oh! you are pleas'd to compliment; but I was always famous for giving satisfaction.

*Random.* (*Without*) Damn your house!—Here! Tiptoe! Tiptoe, you scoundrel!

*Tip.* Coming directly, sir.—You are right. You were always famous for giving satisfaction.

*Rand.* Tiptoe!

*Peery.* Hark! Is it your Master?

*Tip.* Faith, I do not know. It's either his honour in grey, or the worthy gentleman in the green. Good bye, Master Peery!

*Rand.* Tiptoe!

*Tip.* Coming, sir!

[*Exit.*

*Peery.* Why, what the devil can these Merchants do at Dover? A bit of a smuggling business, perhaps—They must be rich fellows by the servant's being so saucy—and, then they call about 'em, and abuse the house so kindly!—Oh! your abusive fellows are the best customers in the world; for none pay so well at an Inn, as those who are always damning the waiters for ill treatment. (*Bar-bell*)

*Enter Waiter.*

*Wait.* Sir David Dunder, of Dunder Hall, sir, has had business in the town, before breakfast, and slept in, whilst his horses put to go back.

[*Exit.*

*Peery.* Od's my life! a rich man, a good natured gentleman; and lives but a mile off. The only great man, I know, whose situation never keeps me at a great distance.—An odd fellow too! and takes more money from my house, than a tax gatherer.—I can never keep a guest for his cursed kind invitations. But he pays well

well while he stays. So, William! wife! hostler! rub down the horses, and shew up Sir David Dunder. *[Exit.]*

*(Scene continues.)*

Peery returns, attending Sir David, talking as entering.

Sir Dav. Pooh Paul, you're a blockhead—There's two of 'em you tell me?

Peery. Worth a plum a piece, Sir David.

Sir Dav. Plums! Figs!—How's your wife, Paul, eh?

Peery. She's pretty—

Sir Dav. Be quiet, I know she is—And so these two Merchants are as rich as—

Peery. Any thing, your honour.

Sir Dav. Damn'd good simile—very new too. Have they taken care of the horses?

Peery. They're going to—

Sir Dav. Be quiet,—I know it—Merchants! Hazard! Vessels are lottery tickets—two blanks to a prize.

Peery. Right, your honour—and the sea—

Sir Dav. Is the worst wheel in the world for 'em, Paul; for when once they stick at the bottom, I would not give a farthing for the chance of their coming up. Where do they come from?

Peery. London—London Merchants: and they—

Sir Dav. I know it, you blockhead—are respected all over the world. London Merchants, Paul, are like London Porter: a little heavy or so, sometimes; but stout, stiff, heady, old hogheads, that keep up the vigour of a strong English constitution. Where are they going?

Peery.

*Peery.* I can't tell, Sir David; but if you wish for any intelligence—

*Sir Dav.* You can't give it me. Tell 'em I wish to be introduc'd, d'ye, hear? Sir David Dunder, Dunder Hall—you know the form—Bart: Bloody hand, all that—wishes to—Who have we here?

*Peery.* The very men, Sir David; coming this way too.

*Sir Dav.* Then do you get out on't.

*Peery.* So! Two more guests going by his cursed invitations!

*Sir Dav.* (*Looking out*) Gad they are youngish men for merchants. Well, why the worse? They may be clever fellows, for all that. If so, the younger the better—and a man must be clever indeed, when his enemies can throw nothing but his youth in his teeth.

*Enter Random and Scruple.*

*Rand.* Nay, prithee Scruple, one turn on the quay, and—Who is he? Egad, the same queer fellow we observ'd just now under the window.

*Scrup.* Right, giving orders to his coachman.

*Sir Dav.* Gentlemen, your servant.

*Both.* Sir, your very obedient!

*Sir Dav.* My landlord tells me—honest Paul here—You've just left London. Good journey, I hope. Our town of Dover is but an odd, whimsical sort of a—eh!—and, after the city, you think it a damn'd dirty, dingy kind of a—umph!

*Scrup.* Why, sir, at present, we can't say we are tir'd of the exchange.

*Sir Dav.* The exchange! O, ho! Paul's right—(*Aside.*) I know it—The Exchange, as you



you say, for people in your situation, is much pleasanter.

*Scrup.* Sir! Our situation!

*Sir Dav.* Be quiet; my host has let me into your characters.

*Rand.* The devil he has! And how shou'd he know any thing of—?

*Sir Dav.* Nay, don't be angry—no harm—Mere innuendo—didn't tell, plump,—talk'd of your dealings.

*Scrup.* Dealings!

*Rand.* Why, zounds! the scoundrel has not presum'd to—

*Sir Dav.* Must be rich—damn'd crusty.—  
(*Aside*) You're right, tho' can't be too cautious. I would not wish to pry. Mean nothing but respect, upon my soul. How many clerks do you keep?

*Both.* Clerks!

*Sir Dav.* Can't do without them, you know. Fine folks tho', all you, eh? Props of the public—bulwarks of Britain. Always brought forward as an example to the world. Been in the stocks lately, gentlemen?

*Scrup.* Hell, and the Devil!

*Sir Dav.* That's right, don't tell. I like you the better. You see what I know of you, and—

*Rand.* Sir, we suspect what you imagine—and—

*Sir Dav.* I know it. You wonder to see me so devilish distant. I live but a mile off—Lady Dunder—a sweet, fine, fat woman—my wife by the bye—will be happy to entertain gentlemen of—

*Rand.* How! Lady Dunder your wife! } *both*

*Scrup.* Is Lady Dunder your wife, Sir? } *baftily.*

*Sir Dav.*

*Sir Dav.* Hey! my wife! my wife! Why yes, I think so—She is not yours, is she?

*Scrup.* Oh! you'll pardon us, sir; only we have heard the name of Sir David Dunder, in this country, before.

*Sir Dav.* Like enough; the Dunders are pretty well known, I believe, every where.

*Rand.* Certainly; indeed you were the last person in our mouths, Sir David.

*Sir Dav.* Pop'd in apropos, eh? Never knew it otherwise. Just like Simon Spungy, our Curate—never knocks but at dinner, and always comes in with the cloth. But we are notorious for hospitality to strangers of your stamp; and if you can spare a day or two at Dunder Hall—all in the family way, you know,—Sir David, that's me—Lady and two Misses—two fine young women, upon my soul, as any in Kent—tall as hop-poles—will be happy to—eh?

*Scrup.* Sir, you're particularly kind, but—

*Rand.* We'll attend you with pleasure, Sir David!

*Sir Dav.* Will you? that's right. It's close by—quite convenient. And if necessity obliges you to come to the coast here—why, 'tis but a mile—All in my power. I know your business, and we'll have the horses directly. We shall be at home time enough for a late breakfast. Here—Eh! I'll step to coachy myself—but don't, don't abuse honest Paul—meant no harm, upon my soul—mere innuendo—a slight sketch, but no profession specified. Paul is like other Inn-keepers—blunders and talks—a damn'd deal of the bull and mouth about him; but no more meaning than a split crow, or a spread eagle, egad!

[Exit.

*Rand.* Give me your hand, my boy! the day's our own: the luckiest hit in the world!

*Scrup.*

*Scrup.* Do you think so?

*Rand.* Think so! Zounds, what's the matter with you? Isn't the very man we have been following, the first man we have met? Hasn't he thrown open his doors to us, when we only hop'd to get in at his window? Isn't he our father-in-law that is to be, and hasn't he given us an invitation?

*Scrup.* Granted: and what then?

*Rand.* What then? Why then, instead of reconnoitring the whole day round his wall, we have nothing to do but to walk in, whisk away with the girls, and be married immediately.

*Scrup.* And is this to be our return, Mr. Random, for Sir David's kindness?

*Rand.* Why, how can you make a better, than by giving such a strong proof of your attachment to his family?

*Scrup.* For shame, Random! basely endeavour to injure a man, whose hospitality has brought you under his roof! No, no; our reconnoitring plan indeed—weak as you may think it, I should prefer going to his wall, as you say, I assure you.

*Rand.* Very likely; the weakest always go there. Remember, however, I scorn a mean action, as much as any man; but if a good marriage is the readiest road to a reconciliation with our friends, who can, if they chuse, make us easy—I see no great injury offer'd to Sir David, nor his Family.

*Scrup.* Why in that case, to be sure—

*Rand.* Aye, aye, no more of your cases now, good doctor; but follow my prescriptions, I entreat you. Besides, my father is expected from the South of France every day. He may arrive before we have brought matters to bear; and fathers are apt to spoil sport, you know.

C

*Enter*

*Enter Tiptoe.*

*Tip.* The old gentleman, Sir, with the old coach, is enquiring for you, in the court yard.

*Scrup.* O, Sir David! allons! follow us, firrah. We hav'n't a moment to spare.

*Rand.* That's right, Scruple! stick close; for he seems so whimsical an old fellow, that he may get into his carriage, drive off, and forget he has ever given us an invitation. Come along, Tiptoe! quick, quick, you scoundrel! *[Exit.]*

*Tip.* Quick! Zounds, I am almost dead. All night, bumping down to Dover, on a ragged, raw-boned post-horse, with a brace of pistols at my knees; and, as soon as we arrive, clapt up behind a queer, country coach, with a couple of leather straps in my hand, to be rattled back again! Ah! Tiptoe! Tiptoe! You must get into a sober family again, I see. My running-hand will be all I have left for it at last; for I shall be run off my feet, I find, in a fortnight. *[Exit.]*

*End of the FIRST ACT.*



A C T II.

SCENE, *A room in the Ship at Dover.*

(*Bar Bell.*)

*Enter Roundsee and Quirk.*

*Round.* **W**HY I told you so, all along; but you have no more head than a smooth shilling.

*Quirk.* No, but I have a mouth, if you would let me open it.

*Round.* Yes, and then you'd shut it again; just as you do at my dinners; where you have been opening and shutting it, any time these ten years.

*Quirk.* What, and hav'n't I deserv'd it? hav'n't I fill'd more parchments for you, than stomachs; more skins than bellies; and clos'd many an account before I cou'd close my orifice? hav'n't I given you a character in the courts, good-humouredly establishing your reputation, before I regarded my own?—Hav'n't I sworn for you; and roundly too, Mr. Roundsee?

*Round.* Well, well, I always allow'd you had a good swallow.

*Quirk.* Wasn't I, when you were tottering, friend enough to take out a Commission of Bankruptcy against you? and didn't I kindly make myself a cruel creditor, and insist upon receiving three parts of your effects?

*Round.* And hav'n't I always acknowledged my ruin with gratitude?

C 2

*Quirk.*

*Quirk.* No, nor any thing else. I have dangled after half the heirs in town, without an acknowledgment: making myself the imaginary friend of their imaginary wants, merely to introduce 'em to you, as a man of honour, and secrecy.

*Round.* Aye, if required.

*Quirk.* Granted—It says so in the advertisement—and did not they come to you, when, if it was not for me, they would have been accommodated, at a genteel end of the town? instead of which, I trudg'd 'em thro' the Strand, towards the Bar, all winter long, with their boots, and high collars, for fear of fore throats, to chew your tough chops, in the back parlour. Then they'd clap you on the back, call you by your christian name, tell damn'd lies, and swear you were an honest fellow, to make you come down with the ready. And who was, then, the disinterested, moderate man, to settle a proper premium, between the parties? Why I, to be sure.

*Round.* And is there a worse security in the world than your fellows of fashion? Your snug man of business, when he puts his name to a note, is always punctual in his payments; or else we lock him in limbo,—safe in the house of bondage. Now your man of fashion always gets safe in another house; and if he can't duly pay, why he gets duly elected, and I have a false return for my money.

*Quirk.* That's not the case here, you know.

*Round.* No, but it's as bad. A pretty wild goose chase we have had, here! Ram'd into a post chaise, with more expence than speed; gaping at hops, thro' a cursed small beer country, and after two youngsters, who by this time, I take it, have hopped over to Calais. That's  
another

another genteel way of chousing an honest creditor. The coast of France is edg'd with English insolvents. Calais is a King's Bench, and Boulogne little more than a Marshall's. A parcel of prodigal, web-footed spendthrifts, come here, and take water, like ducks.

*Quirk.* Yes, but they are lame ducks.

*Round.* While we, who have hatch'd 'em, like hens, in the shell of their dissipation, stand clucking complaints on the shore, without daring to follow.

*Quirk.* Come, come, accidents will happen sometimes.

*Round.* And who brought this accident about, but the dapper Mr. Quirk? with your plaguy politick pate! a thick, Simmond's-Inn skull; only fit to peep thro' a pillory. You must be sending *Me* your two, fine, St. James's gentlemen. Dam'me, there's more poor rogues, I believe, in that parish than St. Giles's! all in a gang too.—Knives of clubs every one of them—and there my two youngsters coax'd me over with a pretty refreshing story of friends in the country, and rich old fathers with fine crazy constitutions. Charming church-yard coughs, and pretty touches of the rheumatism. Sweet bile, and delightful bad livers! It put me in spirits to hear them talk; and you, you body, to back it!

*Quirk.* Why, I had it from the best authority. However, young Random's father is abroad for his health; and every body says in a fine, fair way of dying; and then you'll be in a fair way of recovery. The report is current, my old lad.

*Round.* Yes, and the son got current cash for it; and now he must go abroad, too; with a  
C 5  
curled

curled consumptive pocket, I warrant: and that other oily-tongued fellow, Mr. Scruple.

*Quirk.* But why call me in question! Could not you see for yourself? Didn't they ask you to dine with 'em? and wer'n't you foolish enough to drink, and grow open hearted? and then when Random told you he'd take you to Shooters' Hill in his Phaeton——

*Round.* Pshaw! no such thing.

*Quirk.* And introduce you to Peggy Pattens, who said you had fine eyes, if you did not squint, and a good walk if you did not stoop——

*Round.* Hush!

*Quirk.* Didn't you chuckle, and whisper he was an honest fellow? and tho' I kept winking, and pulling your sleeve, did not you take notes which were due the day they set off, and give a draft for the three thousand?

*Round.* Zounds, it's enough to drive one mad to think on't! You got the warrant back'd by the Sheriff of Canterbury?

*Quirk.* Yes, by the *Sub*, and all may be repair'd at last. We have trac'd 'em truly to this house, and if the tide hasn't serv'd, we may nab 'em yet. Come along, old Round. We'll pump the waiters, sound our host, and success, no doubt will crown our enquiries. Come along! [Exeunt.]

SCENE, *An apartment in Dunder Hall.*

*A glass door in the back scene, with a view into the Gardens.*

*Sir David, Lady Dunder, Random, and Scruple, discovered at the finish of breakfast.*

*Rand.* We are only mortified, Sir David, as we have not had the pleasure of seeing the  
I young



young ladies, that we are deprived of their company at breakfast.

*Sir Dav.* Pshaw! Nonsense! mustn't mind that—t'other cup—Eh? (*To Random.*) Always she ease with my girls.—Lump o' sugar?—(*To Scrup.*)

*Scrup.* Not any.

*Lady.* They are taking their constant morning's round, gentlemen. They always breakfast before the rest of the family; and are generally breathing the air of the shrubbery, while Sir David and I are sipping our tea and chocolate.

*Sir Dav.* Be quiet; I know it. Picking posies, gathering daisies and daffy-down-dillies. Pretty pastoral girls, tho' I assure you: very like mamma.

*Lady.* Oh, Sir David!

*Sir Dav.* Hush! The very picture of my dear Lady Dunder. Not so plump, perhaps; but all in good time—Bit more muffin?

*Scrup.* The young ladies, Sir David, are happy in their resemblance of so accomplish'd a mother.

*Sir Dav.* Yes; like as three peas. My Lady, indeed, has more of the marrow-fat.—(*All rise, as having done breakfast.*)

*Lady.* Why people do flatter, I confess. None of our neighbours but are pretty partial to the Dunders. Not an assembly round, but my girls are first call'd out to move in a minuet; and always stand the head couples in a country dance.

*Rand.* We make no doubt, madam. The charms which your Ladyship's daughters must inherit—

*Sir Dav.* Be quiet.—Ask'd every where, I promise you. Quite the delight of Dover.—Acted all the tragedy parts too, at my friend Thing-

Thing-em-bob's. Harriet got great applause, upon my soul: but Kitty was so curs'd comical! did Desdemona one night; gets kill'd, you know, by a bolster.

*Scrup.* An agreeable amusement! Gentlemen's play-houses are much to be wish'd for.

*Sir Dav.* Fine fun, isn't it? We had a touch of dramaticks once ourselves, at the hall here—gutt'd a kitchen, and fill'd it with fly-flaps—All gentlemen players, you know.

*Rand.* A kitchen! And how did your players perform?

*Sir Dav.* Players! Pokers! Empty as pots; and as flat as the dresser!

*Lady.* Oh, fie, Sir David! You know, Sir Simon Squab came from London on purpose; and every body said his Romeo was charming.

*Sir Dav.* Eh! gad, that's true: forgot Squab. True, deary;—fine,—very fine, indeed, for a gentleman: his figure, to be sure, wasn't so cleverly cut out for the character. A fat fubby phiz, sunk between a couple of round shoulders, and, damme, he croak'd like a toad in a hole. What do you say to a hop in the garden, eh? Look at the lawn?

*Rand.* Why, at present, Sir David—

*Sir Dav.* I know it: Rather not: That's right: no nonsense: I hate excuses. "Looks like rain; cursed cloudy;" and all that. No ceremony here.

*Scrup.* A little rest after a journey is—

*Sir Dav.* Right—By the bye, talking of that, after a journey, I met with Kit—D'ye know Kit Skurry?

*Rand.* Neyer heard of him.

*Scrup.* Nor I.

*Sir Dav.*

*Sir Dav.* An odd, harum-scarum, absent, flighty fish. Old friend of our's; but a damn'd quiz: got acquainted in the queerest way in the world.

*Lady.* I've heard Sir David mention——

*Sir Dav.* Be quiet. Coming from Paul's one night, where I picked you up in an odd sort of a strange style——

*Scrup.* Why it was rather——

*Sir Dav.* Hush! Got into my coach—all alone; dull as hell, dark as the devil: so to amuse myself, fell fast asleep.

*Rand.* Entertaining, indeed!

*Sir Dav.* Very—I know it. When the carriage came to the hill, rubb'd my eyes to wake, out of one corner, and saw Skurry stuck up in the other. I thought coachy had cramm'd in a corpse.

*Rand.* It look'd rather suspicious.

*Sir Dav.* Took him for dead, as I hope to live.

*Rand.* How did you behave?

*Sir Dav.* Sat still: frighten'd out of my wits, till I got home; and John came out with a candle.

*Scrup.* And how did he explain?

*Sir Dav.* Easy enough. Got drunk upon business; going to town; pop'd into my carriage for the mail-coach, to secure a good place before the rest of the passengers; and as the hostler cross'd the yard in the dark, bid him shut the door, and be damn'd to him. Made us monstrous merry, didn't it, love?

*Lady.* Extremely.

*Sir Dav.* Yes, my Lady laugh'd till she was ready to—Go to the farm, eh! Peep at the pigs?

*Lady.*

*Lady.* Lard, Sir David, how you teize gentlemen to walk, who have scarcely recovered from the rattle of the road: your friends have no relish for pigs now; besides, it's so late, we shall hardly have time to dress for dinner.

*Sir Dav.* Eh! gad that's true. No dinner without dressing.—Won't walk.—Well, do as you like: I leave you here with my dear Lady Dunder. (*To Lady D.*) Talk to 'em, deary, do; give 'em a sketch of the county: Some Dover scandal, and Canterbury tales, quite in your way, lovee. She knows all about you.

*Scrup.* Indeed!

*Sir Dav.* Yes, I told all, just as I had it from Paul. Make her prattle to you, do you hear? Devilish deal of solid sense about her, I assure you.

*Rand.* That we are convinc'd of.

*Sir Dav.* I'll just take a turn, and abuse my people: see what's going on within and without—house and garden; farm and fire side: look at the plate and the pantry: gape at the geese, and the ducks, and the dogs, and the hogs, and the logs. Must go—damn'd sorry: must mind my little cutter of cabbages; an idle, eating, cheating dog; and wou'd sooner be damn'd than dig. He's of no more use in the garden than Adam: for he steals every apple he can find, and won't even take the pains of grafting a gooseberry bush. [*Exit.*]

*Scrup.* I hope we don't detain your Ladyship from walking?

*Lady.* By no means: Sir David's horse walks have given me a dislike to so fatiguing an exercise: I drive round the grounds in a whisky, now and then—or a canter on a poney—

*Rand.*



*Rand.* But, while Sir David is at his farm, your Ladyship has probably your Menagerie to attend. Is your Ladyship fond of birds in that style?

*Lady.* Oh, no!—I prefer a little Canary in my closet, to all the birds of the air in England.

*Scrup.* No getting rid of her, I see—I wonder your Ladyship has given up walking too; the air of this garden is delightful.

*Rand.* Charming! And this lawn before the house here. *(Walking up to the glass door with Scruple.)*

*Enter Kitty, running in, with a bundle of flowers, Harriet following.*

*Kitty.* Oh, mamma! mamma! see what a big bundle of flowers I have got.

*Lady.* Hush, Kitty—Consider!

*Kitty.* Eh! what, company? Oh lud! Two Jemmies, I vow. Do, mamma, introduce us.

*Lady.* For heaven's sake, girl—Gentlemen, give me leave to introduce——

*Kitty.* Law mamma, you are so round about always.—I'll go and give 'em one of my best curtsies.—You'll see now: I'll do it in half the time—*(The men come from the glass door to the front of the stage. Kitty goes up to Random, begins curtsying: looks in his face; drops the flowers, and screams.)*

*Kitty.* Oh!

*Rand.* Ha!—the young Lady's taken ill. *(Running to her.)*

*Lady.* Mercy on me! Why girl! why Kitty! What's the matter with you?—*They put her in a chair.)*

*Kitty.*

*Kitty.* Nothing, mamma—nothing—but something that——

*Rand.* Something that was in the flowers, madam, I believe.

*Kitty.* Yes, yes,—a great——

*Rand.* A great wasp. I heard it buz by me, as you dropt 'em.

*Kitty.* Yes, a wasp: it was so. I declare it has so flurried me; seeing what I so little expected.—  
(*Looking at Random*)

*Rand.* How do you find yourself now, madam? A little flurried still, I'm afraid.

*Lady.* And I to be without my smelling-bottle too—Bless me, why Harriet! you give no more assistance than——(*Scruple at the beginning of the bustle goes round to Harriet*)

*Har.* Excuse me, madam; but seeing my sister so suddenly taken ill——

*Scrup.* Has quite affected Miss Harriet's spirits. One turn in the air will relieve them. If the young Lady will give me leave to attend her into the garden——

*Lady.* You're extremely kind, Sir: Go, my love—Poor dear sympathetic girl! The gentleman will assist you.

*Scrup.* I'll take the tenderest care of her, be assur'd, madam. (*Exit Scruple with Harriet through the glass door.*)

*Rand.* If your Ladyship wou'd favour us with a little hartshorn——

*Lady.* Lard! that I should be so stupid as to leave my salts on the dressing-table. I'll run for them myself in a minute. Sit still, Kitty, my dear; a little of Dalmahoy's Pungent will relieve you presently, I warrant.

[*Exit.*]

*Rand.* And now, my dear Kitty!

*Kitty.*

*Kitty.* (*Rising*) Hush! hush! lud! you have frightened me out of my wits: I have hardly breath to ask you a question: Where did you come from? Who brought you here? How long do you stay? and who do you go away with?

*Rand.* I came from London; brought here by your father; stay till to-night; and go away with you, my angel.—So much for question and answer.

*Kitty.* With me! you might have ask'd my consent first, I think.

*Rand.* Nay, nay, we have no time for forms, now. Your mother will be back instantly, and we may want opportunities: your father knows nothing of me, nor my friend; but picked us up at the inn with a common invitation; but delays might produce some cross accident to make our designs known, and defeat our plan. The family retires early, I find: we shall order a post-coach to the garden wall at eleven. Now Kitty, if we could but find the outside of a certain chamber door—

*Kitty.* O gemini! you must not venture along the gallery. You and Mr. Scruple will be at the farther end of it. All the visitors will sleep there. Papa and mamma next to you, and Harriet and I beyond them. I would not venture out for the world.

*Rand.* No, but if Scruple and I were to venture.

*Kitty.* Oh! it wou'd be to no purpose. We shall have nothing to do with it: you may creep about in the dark as much as you please, we won't assist you, I promise you.—We won't—no—we won't even put a chair on the outside of the door, that you may know our room from the others.

D

*Rand.*

*Rand.* 'Thanks! thanks! my dear, sweet, charming, bewitching little—(*Embracing her.*)

*Enter Lady Dunder, hastily.*

*Lady.* Here are the salts.

*Rand.* (*Changing his tone, but without letting Kitty go.*) That's right, madam: lean upon me: walking about will be of infinite service, I am certain.

*Lady.* You're very good, indeed, Mr. Random. How are you now, Kitty?

*Kitty.* Recovered vastly. Much easier since you left us, mamma.—(*Quitting Random.*)

*Lady.* Aye, aye, I knew it would soon be over: foolish girl, to be in a flutter at such a trifle! but come, we have troubled Mr. Random too much already: we'll take our leaves, and dress for the day.—To be alarmed at an insect indeed!

*Kitty.* Law, mamma, why not?

*Rand.* Certainly there's more in it than your Ladyship imagines.

*Lady.* Well, well, you're very good—But—ha! ha! ha! Sir David will laugh finely at this—tottering in a chair—and—you won't forget to tell it at dinner, I dare say—

*Kitty.* Well, I deserve to be laugh'd at, I see: foolish enough to be sure. Come, mamma—(*Taking her arm, and looking archly at Random as she goes out.*) You won't forget the chair, I dare say, Mr. Random.

[*Exeunt Kitty and Lady.*]

*Random (Solus)*

So, this even exceeds my warmest expectations. If Scruple follows Harriet up closely our success is certain: but he is so shilly shally.

Damn



Damn it, if he lets her reflect, we are lost.—Women were never born for reflection ; and whenever they have any, it's generally used to turn all our schemes topsy turvy. [Exit.

*A Garden belonging to Dunder Hall.*

*Harriet and Scruple.*

*Scrup.* Why, Harriet ! why torture me with these needless objections ?

*Har.* Needless ! good heavens ! How can I accept your proposals ? the indelicacy, the consequences which may follow, the steps, too, your friend is taking with my younger sister—

*Scrup.* My life on't, are guided by honour ; and the emergency, the occasion, every thing conspires in urging us to take advantage of the moment. The scheme I have propos'd is—

*Har.* In your present situation rash, even to madness : time too, without so hasty a proceeding, may produce circumstances in our favour. A little delay—

*Scrup.* Will occasion, perhaps, an eternal separation : you know my situation ; know that with prudence, a virtue, which I confess, I have hitherto neglected, it may be essentially alter'd for the better : but the anxieties I shall suffer by delay ; the engagements, which the commands of a father may oblige you to subscribe to ; all convince me, if your regard continues, you will favour my warmest wishes. This very evening, Harriet—

*Har.* Impossible ! Press me no further, I beseech you. The peace of a family depends on my conduct. Parents have ties on me, Mr. Scruple, which I should shudder to violate.

D. 2

*Scrup.*

*Scrup.* Absurd ! have not they proposed a match for you—

*Har.* A detested one, I own : but a thousand accidents may prevent its going forward ; and, till I see the strongest necessity for securing my own happiness, I dare not risk the happiness of others, so very, very near to me.

*Scrup.* Still, still, Harriet, this delay ! why take pleasure in tormenting me !

*Har.* It is not in my nature : bred up in the country, I have imbibed notions, which the refinement of a town education might term romantic ; for I have preferr'd happiness to splendor ; nor have I blushed to own to you, the affections of an honest, generous mind, have much more weight with me, than the allurements of pomp and fortune : appriz'd of these sentiments, tempt me no more, I beg, Sir ; nor strive to take advantage of a partiality, which would be ill placed on one who would recommend to me so inconsiderate a behaviour. (*Warmly.*)

*Scrup.* Confusion ! But I am to blame, madam ; I have relied too much on that partiality, which I see, cannot surmount the slightest obstacles. I see I have offended ; I shall soon quit a house, madam, where I find my presence is disagreeable—(*Going.*)

*Har.* Unkind ! Ungenerous man ! you, too, who read my heart ; who see its tenderness, and what this struggle costs me : but prudence urges your departure ; go then ; I cannot, dare not, follow you : my actions are not at my own disposal. Ah ! if they were, I'd share my fortunes with you to be happy.

*Scrup.* Dear, sweet Simplicity ! O Harriet, forgive my petulance ; pardon a passion, whose warmth consumes all bounds. Yes, yes, I will be prudent, for your sake, Harriet : and yet I must  
not

not lose you ; but wish and wait for happier times.

*Har.* The times will come assure yourself. My father may put off this match.

*Scrup.* If he shou'd hasten it.

*Har.* Why then—Nay, nay, you know my weakness.

*Scrup.* Then I will be content ; you must at last be mine. (*taking her hand*) Till then, I'll watch with anxious care about you : still cherish hopes, still curb them at your bidding. Prudence shall chasten passion ; prudence, which, like this fan, my Harriet, tempers the bosom's heat, but never chills it.

*Har.* Then keep it : (*giving the fan*) keep it as an emblem of your conduct : and when I claim it, which one day no doubt I shall, be it from difficulties—remov'd or yet increasing, or from whatever cause, when once I take it, account me all your own.

*Scrup.* My lovely girl ! O may that day—

*Sir Dav.* (*Without*) Hullo ! girls ! plague on't, why where the deuce.—(*Enters*) Oh ! here you are, aha ! got acquainted already—that's right : he's as pretty a promising sprig of a—what's he talking of ? somewhat sensible ? mentioning me ?

*Scrup.* We were just talking of you indeed, Sir David.

*Sir Dav.* Like enough ; what you've got my young puss in a corner ?

*Scrup.* I was explaining to Miss Harriet, Sir.

*Sir Dav.* I know it ; isn't she an apt scholar ? had it all from me ; sticks to a point, keeps close to a subject ; harkee, Hal ; got news for you ; lookee, a letter from London.

*Har.* About me, papa ?

*Sir Dav.* Every tittle. Full of flames, settlements, constancy, contracts, peace, and pin-money—made up the match; here it is, (*showing the letter*) as neat a mixture of love and law, nothing but harmony and business; just like a drum; all musick and parchment. You'll stay the wedding, won't you?

*Scrup.* That I'm afraid will be out of my power.

*Sir Dav.* Pooh! prithee, 'twon't be long; make us monstrous happy: Random, and you now, eh! shall make no noise about it. Just a snug party. Only a few friends, a roasted ox, a blind fidler, and a hop in the hall.

*Scrup.* May I ask the gentleman's name?

*Sir Dav.* Lord Snolts. D'ye know him?

*Scrup.* His person only; which is by no means in his favour: his lordship is somewhat gummy, extremely short too, Sir David.

*Sir Dav.* Ha! no great hopes of his growing neither. My lord will be five and forty come Lammas, I take it.

*Scrup.* Rather an advanced age to begin making love.

*Sir Dav.* Right, we shan't lose a moment; he has been making money however this long time; rich as a Rabbi.

*Scrup.* Money I fear, Sir David, is not the only ingredient necessary in matrimony.

*Sir Dav.* No, what else?

*Scrup.* The power of Cupid sometimes.

*Sir Dav.* Curse Cupid! he has not a half-penny to buy him breeches. A love match won't light you a candle, egad.

*Scrup.* And yet a stupid, old ugly husband, is—

*Sir Dav.* I know it: like a heavy old fashion'd piece of plate—always handsome when he's rich.

*Har.*



*Har.* (*After reading the letter*) Be here to-morrow! Bless me, this is so sudden, so unexpected!

*Sir Dav.* Right; the best way in the world in these cases. - All settled now, but the ceremony; that we'll finish as soon as possible—Marriage is a kind of cold bath, Hal! never stand trembling on the brink: dash away—one plunge, a slight thock, and the business is over.

*Har.* But you know, papa, I have scarcely ever seen his lordship: it will be so hasty.

*Sir Dav.* Be quiet; I know it; married so myself, Hal. Shouldn't have had my dear lady Dunder if I had not been hasty. All agreed on before we met; coupled in a quarter of an hour after I saw her; come together as people dance minuets; I bow'd, she curtsy'd, and, egad, I had her by the left hand in a moment.

*Scrup.* But the case here is different. Her ladyship had but little reasons for wishing delay: if all husbands, indeed, had equal accomplishments—

*Sir Dav.* Eh! why something in that; men ar'n't all alike; every body is not bless'd with manner and stile to—Eh!—few such figures as I. But Hal, here, is grave, and studies the mind. My lord has told her his already you know. So as soon as he comes, why—

*Har.* Let me entreat you, sir, not to be so precipitate; let me take a little time to—

*Sir Dav.* Take time! Pooh, time steals too fast to be taken, now, Hal. My Lord leaves London to-morrow, be here to dinner, to church, in the evening to—eh?—why what ails you? Look as red, and as pale as—

*Har.* The weather, sir; Nothing more—the heat of the—

*Sir Dav.*

*Sir Dav.* Odso, true; forgot that. Been broiling here in the sun, like a lot of negroes: We'll walk to the house, and——

*Har.* I attend you; but it has really so overcome me—I—I almost want strength to follow you. (*Embarrass'd.*) I want——

*Scrup.* Your fan, madam.

*Sir Dav.* Aye, right: a few flaps in the face wou'd bring her about in a second.

*Scrup.* This, madam, which you have just permitted me the honour of carrying for you.

*Sir Dav.* Eh! Did she? Give it her. Take it, Hal.

*Har.* Shall I, papa?

*Sir Dav.* To be sure. Can't well do without it, I think, at present. A mighty civil, dangling, well-bred sort of a——carries it o' purpose for you, you see, to give you on all occasions.

*Har.* If then, on this occasion, the gentleman will return it. (*Hesitating.*)

*Scrup.* With the utmost pleasure, believe me, madam. (*Presenting it.*)

*Sir Dav.* Well done, Dangle, egad! Flap away, Hal. Do you a deal of good.

*Har.* (*Fanning.*) How refreshing to the spirits!

*Sir Dav.* Yes, so it's a sign. En't it, you?

*Scrup.* Certainly—it is—it is a sign, Sir David.

*Sir Dav.* I know it. Women can't do without 'em. All their airs and graces depend upon it. The tap, flap, flirt, crack, peep, pat, and a hundred uses besides, which I have no notion of.

*Har.* (*Fanning*) It wou'd not be proper, if you had, papa?

*Sir*

*Sir Dav.* Like enough : But let's in, and open our budget ! quite delight my Lady with the news : she'll be in a hell of a pucker. A fine fufs with preparations to-morrow, I warrant : up to the neck in beef, gown, ducks, jewels, ribbons, and puff pastry. Come, Hal. (*Going out*) Soon have your swain kissing your hand. (*Scruple kisses it*) Come along : soon settle this. Kitty will be coupled next. Cares are all over ; and I can now safely swear that most of my uneasiness is behind me. [*Exeunt. (Scruple courting Harriet, behind Sir David, in dumb shew.)*]

SCENE in the Ship.

*Enter Peery, meeting Roundfee and Quirk.*

*Peery.* I hope, Gentlemen, you have every thing to your satisfaction.

*Round.* I wish we had with all my heart.

*Peery.* I am very sorry any thing shou'd happen amiss. I do all for the best, your honours—for people in post-chaises. (*Aside*)

*Quirk.* Well, and how goes your house ? are you tolerably full at present, eh, landlord ?

*Peery.* Um ! Full enough in the larder, your honour. Plenty of fowls, ducks, geese, and pigeons ; and butchers meat in abundance : mutton chops, lamb chops——

*Round.* Damn chops : we don't want victuals : cram us with news.

*Quirk.* But what company have you ? Any body of note now ? Any body that makes a noise in your house ?

*Peery.* Let me see—first, there's my wife—

*Round.* Pshaw ! we have nothing to do with your wife, man ; we want an acquaintance or two.

*Quirk.*

*Quirk.* Aye, hav'nt you two—two young gentlemen, for instance, above stairs?

*Peery.* Hum!—there's a very old one in the back parlour.

*Round.* Oh the devil!

*Peery.* Two young gentlemen indeed came down from London about seven this morning, and they—

*Both.* What! What!

*Peery.* Went away about eight, I believe.

*Round.* Damnation! I thought so.

*Quirk.* But were they tall or short, or fat or lean, or—

*Peery.* Eh! One was in a grey coat, and the other in a green one—Very inquisitive. (*Aside*)

*Round.* (*To Quirk*) The very cloaths we heard at the hotel they sat out in. What shall we do, Quirk? How shall we turn?

*Quirk.* Back.

*Round.* Let's enquire further, however—I suppose now, Landlord, you'd like to see two such gentlemen again in your house!

*Peery.* Certainly, your honour! They are friends of yours, I imagine?

*Quirk.* Why, we should be glad to see 'em again, I promise you. Do you expect 'em back, shortly?

*Peery.* Oh yes, in a day or two, I make no doubt.

*Round.* Indeed! I am rejoic'd to hear it.

*Peery.* Nay, perhaps sooner—I guets where they are gone; hardly out of sight of Dover.

*Quirk.* Ah! at Calais, no doubt—or at Boulogne, edging the coast, as you say, Mr. Round-fee.

*Peery.* And from what I cou'd gather from the servant, I make no doubt, but their occasions



sions will make them come quickly to our town again.

*Round.* Rare news, *Quirk*—you're a very clever, sensible, intelligent, fellow, landlord; I am so happy at the thought of seeing my old friends again—gad I—I begin to find my stomach returning—so you'll get us a chop, and half a pint of your best port.

*Peery.* It shall be done, Sir. Stingy scoundrel!  
(*Aside*) Here, Lewis.

*Enter Waiter.*

Lay a cloth, in the back room, up two pair of stairs, d'ye hear?

*Waiter.* Very well, Sir. There's the packet just put into the harbour, Sir.

*Peery.* Ha! Any body particular?

*Waiter.* Mr. Random and another gentleman are coming up the Quay, Sir.

*Peery.* Eh! Who?

*Round.* Random! Put back again, by all that's lucky.

*Peery.* Odso! A rare customer! Run, Lewis,  
(*Exit Waiter.*) Your snack shall be ready presently, gentlemen, and—

*Quirk.* But stop and—

*Peery.* And every thing to your satisfaction, gentlemen—and—

*Round.* We want to——

*Peery.* Hot, and hot, gentlemen.

*Round.* Plague of your—

*Peery.* And I am your very humble servant, gentlemen! Coming!

[*Exit bawling.*]

*Round.* Huzza! rare news, *Quirk.* The luckiest hit in the world! They are just come on shore, you see, and we shall come in for the cash,

at

at least their persons, which is something towards it, directly. Come, come, we'll send for an officer whilst we are at dinner ; and drinking a merry meeting.—Come, my dear Quirk, we'll soon settle the business I warrant ; and then after our hot post chaise scamper, and I've made sure of my money, we'll travel back slowly, at our ease, in the Dilly.

[*Exeunt.*]

*End of the SECOND ACT.*

## A C T III.

SCENE, *A Room in the Ship, at Dover.*

*Enter Old Random, leaning on Carney.*

*Old Rand.* GENTLY, gently, good Carney! The curs'd sea breeze has got hold of my hip, and I can no more move, at first setting off, than a post horse.

*Carney.* There! there! gently—and now, Mr. Random, many welcomes to England again. We have been feeding on French air, like Cameleons, and you have grown as strong and as stout as a Camel.

*“ Old Rand.* But I have a huge lump of cares on my back notwithstanding.

*“ Carn.* But health is the great thing to care “ about,” Why you look as hale and as hearty as ever.

*Old Rand.* Indeed! do you think so, Carney?

*Carn.* Think! I know it.

*Old Rand.* It has been of service. Before I went over I was as pale and as puffy—flesh without colour, and my face peeping thro' a parcel of wrappers.

*Carn.* For all the world like a mummy.

*Old Rand.* How! why don't you see now—?

*Carn.* Oh! quite another thing, Sir.

*Old Rand.* Another thing, Sir! Why, you booby, I am as well as ever I was in my life, except a few pains, a gout and a cough.

E

*Carney.*

*Carney.* Very true, Sir.

*Old Rand.* Very true! Then why are you so very costive in your congratulations? Oh the South of France is the best physician in the world—if it can't cure it seldom kills, and that's more than most doctors can say for themselves. Then the pleasant time we have pass'd together, I nursing myself, and you keeping me company, in my room, all the while I was sick, in a fine, charming warm climate!

*Carn.* Ay, happy days indeed, Mr. Random. The walks too I enjoy'd, in imagination, looking out of your window.

*Old Rand.* And so you'd wish to have walk'd out, and be damn'd to you! taking your amusement abroad, while poor I was taking physick at home. Here's friendship for you! and a pretty return for the pleasure I found in keeping you close to my bedside all the day long. Lord! Lord! what few folks feel for any body but themselves!

*Carn.* Nay I'm sure I suffer'd as much as you did yourself.

*Old Rand.* Well, well, you are the best of the bunch, I believe—"the only man I can agree with. What can be the reason of it, Carney?

"*Carn.* The similarity of our dispositions no doubt; for I talk, eat, drink and think, exactly as you do, Mr. Random.

*Old Rand.* Something in that, I believe—but what a singular, cruel case mine is, that with so many connections and a family to boot, I find such few proofs of people liking me—Plagu'd with a profligate dog of a son too—"who, because I have indulg'd in a few trifling pleasures myself, thinks that he must be uninterrupted in his wild vagaries." Zounds! getting children is worse than



than getting a fever: they keep an incurable heat in one's blood, and cost a devilish deal of money into the bargain.

*Carn.* But there is some prospect of a cure here, I hope?

*Rand.* No, no—past recovery, I promise you. The dog will be deucedly disappointed to see me so stout again, I fancy, (*coughing*) Eh, Carney?

*Carn.* Impossible, Mr. Random: I can't think him so depraved. I dare say he'll be overjoy'd to see you. I am sure, for my part. (*pompously*)

*Old Rand.* Aye, aye! you are a good soul, Carney, and don't know what ingratitude means—at least I think you don't, for you are continually telling me so—but he—“Didn't I intend to make him my sole heir, and leave him every thing, except my plate, and my pictures, and my houses, and my money? and see his gratitude!” You are talking to me from morning to night of regard and attachment; now he has never made half a dozen of those fine professions in his life.

*Carn.* Where is he now?

*Old Rand.* Rattling all over the town, I suppose, with his friend Mr. Scruple, without a guinea in his pocket; living like other fashionable puppies, on what he has least of, his wits, “laughing at every man who has sense enough not to act and dress like himself—and this is *ton* and fashion now-a-days.” Damn'me, he's hardly fit for any thing. What can I do with him, Carney?

*Carn.* Um! Put him in the Guards, Mr. Random.

*Enter Peery.*

*Old Rand.* Ha! Honest Peery!

*Peery.* I hope I see you well, Sir? your honour looks charmingly since I had the honour of seeing your honour.

*Old Rand.* See there! How the alteration strikes strangers. (*to Carney*) And any news, Master Peery? any thing stirring lately?

*Peery.* Nothing particular, except since your honour arrived—

*Old Rand.* Well, and what happened then? Any body enquiring after me? Who is it?

*Peery.* Two very inquisitive people.

*Old Rand.* Oh! custom house officers, I imagine.

*Peery.* No, they came from London—they've ask'd a vast deal about your honour. Seem rejoic'd to hear your honour's arriv'd.

*Old Rand.* Very civil of 'em. I see nothing particular in this, master Peery.

*Peery.* And I believe they have sent for a constable for your honour.

*Old Rand.* For me, Mr. Peery!

*Carn.* Impossible! For what?

*Peery.* Um! perhaps they think his honour's a spy.

*Carney.* Mercy on us! We shall be both apprehended for runners.

*Old Rand.* I apprehend that you are a block-head! runners! Why I can hardly walk, and never spy any thing without spectacles. Why, what's the meaning of all this?

“ *Peery.* I can guess at no other reason they  
“ can have for taking up you, who are just come  
“ from France—but perhaps your honour may  
“ remember some capital crime you have com-  
“ mitted.

"mitted. I am sure 'Squire Random, a gentleman of six thousand a year, can never want money."

*Enter Bailiff and Follower.*

*Bailiff.* Is your name Random, Sir?

*Old Rand.* Well, Sir, suppose it is?

*Bailiff.* Then, Sir, you are my prisoner.

*Old Rand.* The devil I am?

*Bailiff.* At the suit of Ralph Roundfee, money scrivener of London, for three thousand pounds.

*Peery.* The 'Squire arrested for debt!----it can't be.

*Carn.* I should sooner suspect myself.

*Bailiff.* And Mr. Scruple here for the same sum.  
(*slaps Carney's shoulder.*)

*Carn.* Scruple!—Who, I?

*Old Rand.* Scruple! Dick's crony, by Jupiter! and I and poor Carney arrested for the dog's debts as soon as we set foot in England—a profligate! a scoundrel! I'll—One moment, if you please—come here, Peery! you see this business?

*Peery.* Plain enough.

*Old Rand.* Do you know of any Mr. Scruple he mentions?

*Peery.* Odso! it's the two young merchants, as sure as a gun, that Sir David carried off in his carriage this morning.

*Old Rand.* Merchants!

*Peery.* Yes, and now I recollect, one call'd the other Scruple, sure enough.

*Old Rand.* Well, well, you see the mistake—you must be bail in this business.

*Peery.* Who, I! Lord, your honour!

*Old Rand.* Come, no words. Who is this Sir David, you talk of?

*Peery.* Sir David Dunder, of Dunder Hall—lives hard by.

*Old Rand.* Order a post-chaise. I'll drive there immediately.

*Peery.* But it's so late, your honour. Past ten o'clock.

*Old Rand.* No matter: I'll raise the house. Zounds! I'll raise the dead, but I'll be at the bottom of all this directly: and, if you are shy about bail, why—I'll leave honest Carney here in pawn, till I come back.

*Carn.* I had rather keep you company, if you please, Mr. Random.

*Peery.* Why, as it appears like a mistake, Sir; and I have known you backwards and forwards so long, and your estate—and——

*Old Rand.* Well, trundle these fellows down stairs. You'll accept of his undertaking——

*Bailiff.* We desire no better.

*Old Rand.* As to this Mr. What's his name? Mr. Roundsee, who is in the house; not a word of it to him, till I return; for particular reasons.

*Peery.* Every thing shall be done to your satisfaction, Sir. Come, gentlemen, we'll proceed to the cellar, if you please; the best lock-up house in Christendom.

*Carn.* Mercy on us; what an escape!

*Old Rand.* An escape! a scoundrel! an abandon'd!—What do you think now of all this, Carney?

*Carn.* Think! Why, I—What do you think?

*Old Rand.* That you are a blockhead, not to see the meaning of all this: that my son's a blockhead to behave so; and that I am a greater blockhead than any body to suffer it.—Zounds! I can hardly contain myself. I'll never see his  
face



face again. Come along, Carney : I'll be with him, and sooner than he suspects, I believe : I'll unkennel him, I warrant you : I'll disclaim him, I'll discard him, I'll undermine him, I'll undo him—dam'me, I'll unget him.—“ That's disinheret him.—He shall rot in a jail : rot me, if he shan't ; I'll teach him what it is to run in debt in person, and get arrested by proxy !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Gallery in Dunder Hall. (Stage dark.)*

*Four chamber doors at equal distances in the back scene. A chair plac'd against the farthest door on the right hand.*

*Random opens the second door, on the left.*

So ! all quiet : not a soul stirring. (*Comes forward.*) Sir David, good man, thanks to early hours, is snoring away in the next room to me. I heard him, like a high wind, thro' the cracks of the old family wainscot. He little dreams of what's to happen before he wakes. Where can Scruple be all this while ? He promis'd to be on the watch, as soon as every thing was silent ; but he's so curfed slow, and backward in this business ! If I was not pretty sure that one woman is as much as any one can manage, I should be tempted to take his nymph away without waiting for him. It's so damn'd dark too, that there's no being certain of his door. The chair was a lucky thought ; we should have made some confounded mistake without it, I believe. How the plague now shall I make him hear, without disturbing any one else ?

*Scrup. (Opens the farthest door on the left.)*  
St—St !

*Rand. Scruple !*

I

*Scrup.*

*Scrup.* Random, is it you?

*Rand.* Yes!—Softly!—All's snug. The Baronet's as fast as a church.

*Scrup.* And his wife?—

*Rand.* Pickling, I believe, below stairs in the store-room. The old woman's head is so full of this nonsensical match Sir David has told her of, that she'll be up with the housekeeper, I find, three parts of the night, to make preparations for the wedding.

*Scrup.* 'Sdeath, we shall be discover'd: we shall never get out without her hearing us.

*Rand.* Pooh! never have done with your doubts and objections?

*Scrup.* Surely her being up is an objection of some weight.

*Rand.* Certainly. She's of great weight in the house—for which reason she's gone quite to the bottom of it. She must have devilish good ears to hear us there; for we shan't come within a mile of her. But have you heard any thing of Tiptoe?

*Scrup.* No: do you expect him?

*Rand.* Yes; I sent him to Dover, with orders to bring the carriage and horses to the back gate of the garden. It's turn'd of eleven too, I take it. Look what's o'clock, will you?

*Scrup.* Look! why it requires the eyes of a cat. It's as dark as a dungeon.

*Rand.* Odso, I had forgot: but he'll be here presently: I have been obliged to let him into the secret: he has procur'd a key of the back-door, and will slide up to my chamber; which he has had an opportunity of marking, he tells me, in his own way, to give us intelligence.

*Scrup.* Well, if he is but punctual—

*Rand.* Oh! you may depend upon him: but, till he comes, we may as well prepare our  
fair

fair companions. I'll try and find out the chair, which is against their dressing-room door; where they are in waiting. (*Feeling about*) Their bed-chamber is beyond it; so I may enter without infringing the rules of etiquette, you know?

*Scrup.* Hadn't I better go with you?

*Rand.* No, no; stay here as an outpost: I shall soon be back.

*Scrup.* Gently—no mistakes now

*Rand.* Never fear! So, here's the chair.

*Scrup.* Remember—Caution's the word.

*Rand.* Aye, and Expedition too. The house must divide, you know: so the sooner we clear the gallery the better. (*Taps.*)—(*Door opens, and he enters, into the Women's chamber*)

*Scrup.* How awkward I feel in this business! It's the first time I ever enter'd into a scheme of this sort; and am now convinc'd no man ever thinks of running away, without being cursedly frighten'd.

(*Tiptoe, singing without.*)

"So great a man, so great a man I'll be!"

*Scrup.* Hark! "What's that?" Ha! a light. How the devil now am I to find out my room again? It comes nearer and nearer. I must venture. I have three chances to one of doing no mischief; and I dare say, my unlucky stars (or rather my want of any stars at all) will direct me to Sir David. So, here's somebody's chamber; I must in, at all hazards. (*Goes into the same chamber he came out of.*)

*Enter*

*Enter Tiptoe, with a dark-lantern, singing, and drunk.*

*Tip.* Here I am at last! What a plaguy parcel of turnings and windings, to get up to this old crazy gallery! umph! It has made me as giddy as a goose. Now for my masters—Damn my masters! Scamper! Scamper! Scamper!—Twon't do—No; never fit for me. Give me a regular, steady, sober family for my money. If it hadn't been for the lantern I begg'd of the old boy at the Inn—I was forc'd to treat the drunken scoundrel before he would give it me—I might have tumbled over the bannisters. Mr. Random, now I think on't, ordered me to come in the dark! Umph! Gentlemen make no more of servants' necks now-a-days—they think we've one to spare, like the Swan in Lad-lane, I believe. But softly! softly! No noise. I must go to the chamber to tell him the carriage is ready. Let me see—it's the last door but one, at one end of the gallery; but whether it's to the right—or to the left,—curse me if I recollect. Stay—*(Turning round, and counting the doors)* One—two—three.—Dam'me, how the doors dance! I shall never find the right, if they take it in their heads to run round so confoundedly. I remember, *(Taking the chair, and drawing it along)* when I lived with old Lady Hobble, she always sat still at Ranelagh to find out her company. Now, as these gentlemen here, *(Pointing to the doors)* chuse to take a Ranelagh round, I think I had better sit quiet in the middle of 'em, till my old acquaintance comes by. *(Pulls the chair against the next door, and sits down.)* Zounds! how fast somebody sleeps—Sir David, perhaps,—“ I wonder if Baronets ever snore.  
What



What the devil am I to do now? Get my head broke for not calling my master; and my bones broke, if I should happen to call any body else instead of him. As that is the case, I'll call no body, egad!—I'll e'en go back to the carriage, and wait till they come for me. So—gently—steady.—

[Exit, singing.]

*Scrup.* (After a pause, opens his door. Once more every thing is quiet. I can't conceive who it could be so long with a light in the gallery.—I had best give Random notice of what has happen'd; that in case we are watch'd, he may be upon his guard. Hereabouts the door must be—(Going to the door, Random enter'd) Eh! no chair—'sdeath, this is Sir David's! A pretty blunder I shou'd have made! (Goes to the next.) O here it is at last. (Taps at the door.) What a number of accidents this little contrivance has prevented! I had better explain to him what has happen'd in the inside of my chamber! for it's dangerous waiting on the outside a moment, I find. What the deuce keeps him so long now? (Taps again.) (Sir David opens the door in his bed gown and night cap)

*Sir Dav.* Well?

*Scrup.* Hush! it's I.

*Sir Dav.* I!

*Scrup.* Softly! Softly! Zounds, you are so unguarded! Follow me! Quick, quick! Only follow me, and you shall hear all.

[Exit, into his own chamber.]

*Sir. Dav.* Follow me! Damn'd if I do tho'. Can't stir a step without running the risk of breaking my nose. Cursed queer! A fellow in the dark with no name—a rascal, to rob the house perhaps—Gad, it has put me all in a twitter.

Random

*Random comes out with a bundle, from the Women's chamber.*

*Rand.* St! St!

*Sir Dav.* Eh!

*Rand.* 'Tis I.

*Sir Dav.* So! here's t'other I. (*Aside.*)

*Rand.* Where are you? Here! hold this bundle. (*Thrusting it into his hands.*) Why what makes you shake so? Are you cold here?

*Sir Dav.* Zounds, a thief!—He'll cut my throat if I cry out. (*Aside.*)

*Rand.* For shame, flurried at such a trifle as this! But there's no knowing even one's friends till they're tried, I see.

*Sir Dav.* "Like enough." Most of your friends have been tried, I dare say. (*Aside.*)

*Rand.* But we shall have a whole cargo to carry. Stay where you are now. Don't stir for your life, and I'll be back in an instant. We'll soon make an end, I warrant you. (*Returns into the Women's chamber.*)

*Sir Dav.* That you will—a pretty public one too, I take it. Mercy on me! How shall I get away? The dog's given me a bundle here as big as a child. I shall be brought in for a new kind of burglary—Cast for breaking into my own house, and hang'd for robbing myself of my property. My Lady's lock'd up below, I suppose; bound back to back with the old house-keeper: or gagg'd and ravish'd, poor quiet soul, with the rest of the family females. If I could but contrive to——(*feeling about*)

*Scrup.* (*Putting out his head.*) Hollo!

*Sir Dav.* Oh, the Devil! There's one in every corner—a whole banditti playing at bo-peep. (*Aside.*)

*Scrup.*

*Scrup.* Come, come, don't trifle now; I've something to say to you.

*Sir Dav.* The fellow don't know me in the dark. I'll deceive him. (*Aside*)

*Scrup.* Nay this delay will—

*Sir Dav.* Hush.

*Scrup.* What's the matter? Any body coming?

*Sir Dav.* Yes—Yes—

*Scrup.* Ha! We are discovered. In—In—(*shuts the door.*)

*Sir Dav.* Now if I could but crawl down this back stair case.—(*Meets Random coming out, and runs against him.*)

*Rand.* Now, my dear Scruple, all's ready.

*Sir Dav.* Zounds, it's the two Merchants!

(*Aside*)

*Rand.* Our packing is all over—

*Sir Dav.* Indeed!

*Rand.* Our two fair ones both equipt for flight.

*Sir Dav.* My Harriet?—

*Rand.* Yes, and my Kitty—They'll be in our arms in an instant, you rogue! And we've nothing to do, but to lead 'em to the coach, and away as fast as love, money, and horses can carry us. Did'nt I tell you now, that your doubts were all nonsense? but 'sdeath, you are so dull about it: your fears have so overcome you, that—why aren't you like me—All rapture, all passion?

*Sir Dav.* Hem! (*Shewing signs of agitation.*)

*Rand.* Aye, this is right now! this is as it shou'd be But I'll go and bring 'em out. (*Going.*)—(*Turns back.*) Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing to think what a damn'd clatter Sir David will make by and by.

*Rand.* His fat fussy wife too ; cackling about the house, like an old hen that has lost her chickens.

*Sir Dav.*—Old Hen ! “ Dam’me, I wish she  
“ had never sat to have brought such a brood.”  
(*Aside.*)

*Rand.* And he too. Did you ever see such a tedious booby in your life ?

*Rand.* But I’ll go and conduct our charge. By the bye, has Tiptoe been here ?

*Sir Dav.* No.

*Rand.* Careless scoundrel ! But we shall find him at the gate with the carriage, I suppose. Now for it. Now to deliver our damsels from the clutches of an obstinate fool of a father. A blockhead, to think to marry women to whom he pleases ! No, no : whenever there’s any forbidden fruit, it is not in human nature to rest easy till it is tasted. (*Feeling for the door.*)

*Sir Dav.* Liquorish dogs ! (*Keeps back.*)

*Scrup.* (*Coming out.*)—Why, what cou’d he mean ! There’s no noise : all’s quiet as can be.—  
*Random.*

*Rand.* Well !

*Scrup.* Are you ready ?

*Rand.* Yes, yes ; didn’t I tell you so ? We’re coming.

*Scrup.* Well, well ! Tiptoe has not been here.

*Rand.* Pshaw ! Plague, I know it ; you told me so already.

*Scrup.* Did I ? When ?

*Rand.* Why this instant ; but you are in such a flutter, you can’t remember a word you say. But you have taken care of the bundle, I hope ?

*Scrup.* Bundle ! What bundle ?

*Rand.* That, that I gave you just now.

*Scrup.*



*Scrup.* Just now! not you indeed! Why you're in a flutter yourself.

*Rand.* Pooh! pooh! I tell you the bundle I brought out of the room. The bundle that—

*Scrup.* Damn the bundle! I never saw it, nor felt it in all my life.

*Rand.* Now how can you be so cursed obstinate? I put it into your own hands, and you shook as if you'd an ague.

*Scrup.* Shook! your memory is shook, I believe.

*Rand.* Gad I could have sworn I had given it you, but we must not stand upon trifles now.—Time's precious.—(*Opens the Women's door—Harriet and Kitty come out.*) This way, this way. Now, ladies, we attend you.

*Kitty.* Lud! it's as dark as pitch.

*Rand.* Never fear.

*Har.* Heavens! how I tremble.

*Scrup.* Courage now, my Harriet, and we may soon defy every danger.

*Rand.* Well said, Courage! well said, Cæsar, egad! 'Sdeath, madam, if you draw back now you spoil all. I'll bring you all thro' I warrant you.

*Har.* I fear I shall never bear up. The step I am taking, the weight on my spirits—

*Rand.* Vapours! vapours, from being in the dark—nothing else, believe me, madam.

*Har.* My mother too—What will not she feel?

*Scrup.* Nay, pursue this no farther.

*Kitty.* Mamma will be in a sweet bustle, I warrant. Rattling about Sir David's ears for bringing you into the house.

*Sir Dav.* (*behind*) Be quiet, I know it.

*Kitty.* Yes, that's exactly like him for all the world. Gemini, I shall never find my way.

*Rand.* Stay! take my arm. Come, madam—Scrup'e—arm in arm all four, and then for our march.

*Sir Dav.* March! dam'me but I'll muster among ye tho'—(*Aside.*)

*Sir David comes forward between them. Kitty takes hold of Sir David's and Random's arms—Harriet of Sir David's and Scruple's; all arm in arm, Sir David in the middle.*

*Rand.* So, thus link'd, he must be a cunning and a bold fellow too, that thinks of dividing us, (*going.*) (*A loud ringing at the bell.*)

*Scrup.* Hark! somebody rings at the gate.

*Har.* Oh mercy! we shall be seen.

*Kitty.* Lud! there's a light! hide! hide us, for heaven's sake. It's mamma as sure as I live.

*Sir Dav.* (*aloud*) No, no! stay where you are. Come along, my lady! a light will do us a deal of good.

*Enter Lady Dunder, with a light.*

Servant, ladies and gentlemen!

*Lady.* Mercy on me! Sir David! girls! gentlemen!

*Scrup.* Confusion!

*Rand.* Sir David!

*Sir Dav.* Yes, here we are—been frisking about like a parcel of rabbits. Our burrows are all empty.

*Lady.* Why what's the meaning of—

*Sir Dav.* Be quiet—meaning? treachery—mean to bamboozle us—Dark night, rope ladders, Garden gate, and Gretna Green—that's the meaning of it.

*Lady.* How! and is this the return for—

*Sir Dav.* Hush! aye is this the return for my

my open, hospitable, generous—I that put salt in your porridge, bread in your mouth, and steaks in your stomach; cram’d every thing into you, but gratitude.

*Lady.* And came here on purpose I suppose with a trump’d-up story of——

*Sir Dav.* Trump! dam’me, this will be their last trump. I take it. And you too! (*to the women*) You! (*to Harriet*) you that I intended to link to a lord; to go and give up a peer for a pedlar! a merchant! a fellow here that lives like a lobster by salt water; a culler of pepper and spice; a trader in train oil, Greenland blubber, and China pipkins; or a black dealer in devils to sell at American markets.

*Scrup.* ‘Sdeath! What is all this?

*Rand.* If you’ll give us leave, fir, to——

*Sir Dav.* Give! gad you’d have taken leave without asking—French leave if I had not been here; have smuggled my goods in the dark, trotted over the Tweed, and been hammer’d together by a bare-breech’d blacksmith. A fine Scotch union, egad! my two rich roses here tied to a pair of poor pitiful thistles! but zounds! I’ll have satisfaction.

*Lady.* For heaven’s sake, my dear!—cool your choler a little, Sir David.

*Sir Dav.* Be quiet. What have I had a sword bobbing between my legs, at Dover hops, and quiet country meetings, for these twenty years; and now not rub off its rust, in the oily guts of a couple of whale catchers, for what I know to the contrary?

Old Random and Carney, (*without.*)

*Old Rand.* Come along; Carney! late as it is, my gentleman can't escape now, I believe. (*They enter*) Hey-dey! the whole family collected!

*Rand.* My father! a pretty business we have made of it!

*Old Rand.* I beg pardon for this intrusion—but if Sir David Dunder is here, and sees the occasion——

*Sir Dav.* I know it: see it all, already: fine occasion indeed: and you too—(to *Old Rand.*) act as accomplices, do you?—an old fellow—sham? What you've a wig, now, I warrant, like a young counsellor's—squeez'd over a toupee with a dapper tail peeping out between the eyes.

*Old Rand.* How!

*Car.* My worthy old friend means, Sir—

*Sir Dav.* Hush—He is an old one, is he? means to run away with my wife, then, I suppose.

*Lady.* I fancy he'd find it a difficult matter to carry me off.

*Old Rand.* Run away! Not I. I came here after a couple of youngsters, that—

*Sir Dav.* Did you? There they are. Take 'em away with you: as pretty a pair as any in England: you may match 'em against ail Europe, egad.

*Old Rand.* So, you are two pretty gentlemen; are not you? And how dare you, Sir, look me in the face, after your profligate proceedings? (*To Random*) Not content neither in contracting debts, but you must have me, your poor father, you dog, arrested for 'em.



*Carn.* Yes, and me too.

*Rand.* I am at a loss how to comprehend Sir—

*Old Rand.* But that rascal, that rogue, Round-fee, I think they call him, he can, I believe. Here have I and poor Carney just been taken into custody for you at Dover; while you have been playing your pranks at large all over the country.

*Sir Dav.* Eh! be quiet—Curst ungentle though in you, if you are his father. Why, Zounds! you have us'd me worse than they! Get yourself lock'd up for your son here, with a plague to you! that he and his friend may have time to run off with my daughters.

*Old Rand.* I! I have withdrawn my countenance long ago, I promise you.

*Sir Dav.* Ha! family failing. The son would have withdrawn his countenance too, if I'd let him.

*Old Rand.* How! what, attempt to—

*Sir Dav.* Be quiet.—I am the injured party: let me speak.

*Lady.* No, Sir David, I'll—

*Scrup.* To end all confusion, I'll speak.

*Rand.* What the deuce can Doubtful say now, after all? (*Aside*)

*Scrup.* It is yourself, Sir David, who have been chiefly to blame.

*Sir Dav.* Eh!

*Rand.* He beats me all to nothing. (*Aside.*)

*Scrup.* Your unguarded kindness to strangers might have been attended with much more disagreeable consequences. You took our characters from report, I see. Characters which we never thought of assuming.

*Sir Dav.* Oh! Damn Paul!

*Scrup.* "Our invitation was unsought: and  
"though

“ though our manner of requiting your favours appears unjustifiable, you may congratulate yourself, that instead of being practis’d upon by men, unworthy your countenance, you have met with gentlemen.”

“ *Sir David.* Here’s two fine fellows! come into my house—going to carry off half on’t on their shoulders—and then—I have met with gentlemen.”

*Scruple.* Our conduct, Sir David, is not so culpable as you imagine. A chance, like your present invitation, threw us in your daughters’ way at Bath, and our continued affection (I think I may answer for my friend) may prove our motives are unguided by interest: as a further proof of it, we disclaim all views of their fortune.—Bestow but their hands, Sir David, and we shall be happy.

*Sir David.* Eh! Zounds! something noble in that too.

*Lady.* “ But to think of carrying away our two dear rosy girls here; handsomer than all the pale chits of the county.

*Sir Dav.* “ Hush! handsomer! Ay, and richer too! with pockets full of money: housewives stuff’d with bank notes; and work bags cramm’d with guineas.”

*Old Rand.* Indeed, I begin to think Dick is not such a sad dog as I took him for. Eh! Carney?

*Carn.* I am perfectly of your opinion, Mr. Random.

*Lady.* And what has the other gentleman to say for himself? (*To Random.*)

*Kitty.* Indeed, Mamma, we are not so much to blame, neither.

*Rand.* Love, Madam, all powerful love, must plead my excuse; a passion which may  
once

once have influenc'd your Ladyship's delicate, susceptible bosom.

*Lady.* Well, I vow the young man pleads so prettily in his defence that—

*Rand.* If your ladyship and my father could forget past occurrences, and join with me in my suit to Sir David for an union with his daughter—I hope my future conduct—

*Old Rand.* Um!—Why, as things are so, Sir David; and my connections are pretty considerable—my estate pretty well known—

*Carn.* A good six thousand a year—I have known my good friend here some time; and have had his property under my eye, for these five years.

*Old Rand.* And his friend, I am happy to tell you, is as well connected as he is.

*Sir Dav.* Is he? Well, as matters are—and as my Lord might find a flaw here—an ugly business, not much to his liking—I think we can but in honour be off—so to prevent cursed country scandal, gabbling girls, ugly old maids, and all that—I think we may as well—my Lady?

*Lady.* As you think proper, Sir David.—Harriet?

*Harriet.* We are bound now, Madam, both by inclination and duty to follow your commands.

*Kitty.* Yes, Mamma, we are both bound.

*Sir Dav.* Well then; there, there! take one another—no words.

*Rand.* And now, Kitty, I am your prisoner for life.

*Old Rand.* Remember, Roundfee, tho'—There you might have been a prisoner not much to your liking.

*Sir*

*Sir David.* What! a usurer! Dam'me, let's duck him.

*Old Rand.* Oh! he and his gentleman may be settled with at leisure. Their blunders have left them to our mercy, and they merit none, I promise you—Fellows whose business it is to prey upon the unthinking, extort from the needy, and live upon the distresses of mankind, deserve very little compassion, when they are distressed themselves.

*Sir David.* I know it.—But here, however, they shall have no distresses to prey upon—No moping melancholy looks now. All's well, I hope, at last, as it ought to be—and nothing ought to give any of us, here, so much pleasure as looking, to-night, on a set of very merry faces.

*Exeunt.*

THE END.



## E P I L O G U E.

*Written by the Author of the COMEDY.*

*Spoken by Mr. PALMER, in the Character of a  
News-Paper Writer.*

*(Squabbling behind the Scenes.)*

I TELL you I must and will speak. How--not fit?  
Pooh! prithee—I will but harangue 'em a bit.  
    *(comes forward)*  
Excuse me, good folks—I'm just popt from the Pit.  
I'm a Critick, my masters! I sneer, splash and vapour:  
Puff Party: Damn Poets: in short—*Do a Paper.*  
My name's *Johnny Grub*—I'm a vender of Scandal,  
My Pen, like an Auctioneer's Hammer, I handle;  
Knocking down Reputations by one inch of candle!  
I've heard out the Play: But I need not have come.  
I'll tell you a secret, my masters—but, mum!  
Tho' ramm'd in amongst you, to praise or to mock it,  
I brought my *Critique*, cut and dry, in my pocket.  
We, great, Paper Editors,—strange it appears!  
Can often, believe me, *dispense with our Ears.*  
The Author—like all other Authors—well knowing  
That *We* are the People to set him a-going,  
Has begg'd me, just now, in a flattering tone,  
To publish a *friendly Critique* of his own.  
Ev'ry good has its evil: We don't pay a *Souse*—  
Neither We, nor our friends, to come into the House;  
But then 'tis expected, because we are *free*,  
We are bound to praise all the damn'd nonsense we see:  
Hence comes it, the Houses, their emptiness scorning,  
At low ebb at Night *overflow* in the Morning!

Hence

E P I L O G U E.

Hence, Audiences, seated at ease, at the Play,  
 Are squeez'd to a mummy, poor devils, next day !  
 Even Actors themselves, will extort something from us ;  
 And the vilest Performer's an Actor—of *promise*.  
 While self-praising Authors, write Volumes on Volumes,  
 And Puffs, every morning--like smoke--rise in columns!  
 Our Bard of to-night,—I had tickl'd him sweetly !  
 Foists *his* Puff upon me—damn it, mine was so neatly  
 Work'd up—it's a pity—an excellent Pill !  
 Some sweet—three Parts four—shall I read it?—I will !  
 “ Last night ; *Little Theatre* : Comedy,—Name,  
 “ *Ways and Means*—unproductive—Plot blind, Lan-  
     guage lame !  
 “ As the Author *has* Parts—*Our* Advice, in this Play,  
 “ Is—New model the Story—*but this by the way*,  
 “ His Dialogue too,—he may trust to *Our* Print,  
 “ Is, tho' poor, gross and vulgar—*but this is a hint*.  
 “ Impartial's our Motto—There's really no end  
 “ To his Puns and his Quibbles—*We speak, as a*  
     *Friend*.  
 “ That the Actors had doubts on't, we cannot help  
     thinking,  
 “ For they all did their utmost to keep it from sinking.  
 “ *Young Bannister* bustled, in hopes of its rising,  
 “ And *Palmer's* exertions were really surprising.”  
 So much for *Ourselves*.—What the Author advances,  
 To support *Ways and Means*, will ne'er mend his  
     Finances.  
 He calls it a light, Summer thing,—and, with him,  
 His Pun is all Laugh,—and his Quibble all Whim—  
 In short his Critique would so tire you to hear it,  
 I must publish my own—or else something that's  
     near it.  
 If therefore, in any one Paper you see  
 An abuse of the Play,—whatsoever it be,—  
 Wherever the Poet shall find a hard rub,  
 That Paper, depend on't, is *done* by—JOHN GRUB.

